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Song

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Song

by Kim Bridgford

The darkness brings a sadness to the shelf
And to the bed, and to the picture frames
That hold their memories in a close embrace
Without the names.

So much happens when you lose your sense
Of who lives in the house across the street,
The calendar a drift of patient snow
Mixed up with fate.

That thing's a sock? It leaks out of your mind
The way the news does, faces and events
That find themselves, like rocks and little sticks
Upon the currents.

Your children take their turns, with heads bent down
On days when you forget they are adults.
In talking of their own accomplishments,
They take your pulse.

But you wish they'd go: do the things they wish
And leave you with your secret thoughts, like a song
That runs its merry rhythms in your head:
Ding-dong, ding-dong.

You remember kisses, but don't know
What they're called, and when your husband weeps
You wonder who he is and why it's sad
To say, "For keeps."

